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**WASTED
DEVOTION**

"Where's that dog of yours?" asked the young man in the gray suit, looking furtively around the room. "I hate those yipping spaniels!"

"Oh," said the young man with the square chin, as he hunted around for his tobacco jar, "he—he's gone! He wasn't mine anyway."

"I'm glad of that," said the other young man. "I wondered why you picked out such a fool cur. I like a good sporty bulldog for mine."

"Kiyl is a very well-bred dog" objected the other defensively.

"Kiyl!" roared the visitor. "Well, of all—"

"That's my name for him," explained the host, grimly. "I believe his correct appellation is Montgomery Rex, but somehow Kiyl seemed more appropriate. You see, he's Daisy Fremont's dog an—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the visitor in a tone that graduated through amazement to enlightenment. "Of course you would be fond of the beast in that case."

"Daisy was going away," went on the host, "and so was her family and there was no place to leave the dog. She was so worried that I—hang it all, I didn't like to see her worried!"

"Of course not," agreed the visitor.

"I told her that I'd be glad to care for Kiyl while she was gone. He was so little and insignificant that I thought it would be an easy way to—well, you see, she's fond of the brute and I knew she'd appreciate my care of him. I figured I'd leave Kiyl at my rooms through the day, where he could sleep on the sofa pillows and absorb milk and biscuit to his heart's content. Any really sensible dog would have liked that. But the first night when I got home I found the janitor waiting for me. He said five tenants had raised a row over the howling of a dog in my apartments and that I'd have to dispose of the animal."

"That settled it. I had to cart Kiyl down to the office every morning. I put him in my ulster pocket and while it was far too warm for an overcoat, I had to stand it, and he stared at by individuals perspiring in summer suits. He ate two yards of tape from the ticker the first day and then the whole office force gathered around to wait for him to die of it, but he survived—and I lost just \$487 by neglect of business for those 15 minutes. The office boy spent his time racing through the halls hunting Kiyl, for the dog kept running away, and I had to do my own errands. At night I'd take Kiyl home and he'd whimper pathetically all evening. I suppose he missed Daisy—she's the sort of person one would miss, you know."

"Quite true," agreed the visitor.

"I was nervous about Kiyl. I was afraid something would happen to him, for dogs have died of homesickness, you know. I felt that Daisy would never forgive me if anything happened. He used to cry in the night and I'd have to get up and howl around for milk and biscuit for him. He had to have the milk warmed, too!"

The visitor was holding his sides in mirth.

"You needn't laugh!" growled the other young man. "It was serious enough. I tell you, when I got good and sleepy. But I could have got along if Kiyl hadn't run away early one evening. He disappeared down the street right before my eyes and I knew he must have run up into some house, because people were out on nearly every porch. There was nothing to do but hunt him. I'd walk up the steps of a house with my hat in my hand and say: 'Good evening,' politely. Then I'd begin to ask if they'd seen a dog. One man interrupted me to say that they didn't want to buy anything. Another said the man didn't live there, before I'd had time to explain. A woman who had dogs of her own grabbed them up as though I'd been a dog catcher. It wasn't what you'd exactly call pleasant."

"I must have walked five miles before I gave up and dragged myself home, wondering where on earth I could buy a dog near enough like Kiyl to deceive Daisy. And when I got home there sat Kiyl on the steps howling for his supper. He paid no attention at all to my wilted collar and my state of nerves. I felt like wringing his impudent neck!"

"Why didn't you?" asked the visitor, innocently.

The young man with the square chin looked disgusted. "I have a picture of myself casually announcing to Daisy I had destroyed her darling puppy!" he said. "I can fancy what a pleasant time I'd have."

"Well, I was compelled to stay at home with him every evening, because he'd howl if I left him, and I felt foolish taking him to places. If he'd been a real dog it would have been different, but he is such an imitation of one!"

"Still, it was all worth while when Daisy got back. If you could have seen her eyes when she thanked me! I like a girl with soul enough to appreciate—"

"Say," broke in the visitor, "haven't you heard—didn't you know—that is, I'm told that Daisy's engagement to a New York man has just been announced. She was down there visiting his people."

There was an electric silence. Then the young man with the square chin broke in violently: "Hang Kiyl!" he exploded.

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Navy Stands Third.

In the work of Eastern colleges up to date, Harvard and Princeton stand at the head, with their goal lines intact and a string of six and five victories, respectively. As Harvard has scored a touchdown in every game and Princeton failed to get to the goal line in the game with Lafayette, winning by a field goal, the Cambridge team is placed first on the eastern list with Princeton a close second. The naval cadets are third, for their goal line is also free from the taint of an alien foot, but the team has a scoreless tie on its record.

Railroad Fatalities.

"Killed, 3,804; injured, 82,374." This is the casualty record of the railroads in the United States during the year ended June 30, last, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission, it is an increase of 1,013 in the number killed and 18,454 in the injured over the previous year's figures. There were 5,861 collisions, killing 433 people and injuring 7,765, and damaging railroad property \$4,629,279. In the year's 5,910 derailments 340 persons were killed and 4,814 injured. During the last three months of the year the total killed or injured was 20,650.

Boy Wins \$300.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 4.—Earl Stubblefield, 17 years old, of Dalton, Randolph county, was declared the winner of the \$300 prize given by the State Bankers' Association for the best ear of corn raised in Arkansas in the Boys' Corn Club contest. Last year the award was made by the corn club committee. A loving cup for the best county showing in corn club work was also awarded to Randolph county.

After Browne's Lawyers.

Chicago, Nov. 4.—Charles Erbs-stein, counsel for Lee O'Neil Browne, who was recently acquitted of a charge of bribing a state representative to vote for William Lorimer for United States senator, was indicted on a charge of corrupting a member of the jury that cleared Browne.

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SECRETS

"You told!"

When Roberta hurried this denunciation at Eleanor she stood like a miniature colossus, with her sandaled feet spread apart, her head upthrown. Her hair stuck out indignantly behind and the bow on top of her head fairly quivered with righteous wrath. Eleanor, sitting uncomfortably bolt upright in the hammock, felt herself quail, but she, too, held her head high. She was equally indignant because of Roberta's stupidity in not realizing that one had duties toward one's guests.

"I don't care!" she flamed. "I don't care a bit about your old secret! I guess Milly was visiting me and I guess she had a right to know what I knew! Willie would just as soon as not she knew, even if he didn't think to say so!"

"Aw, you're a tattletale!" Roberta persisted. "Nobody was to know our secret but me and you and Willie and Jessie—and you went and told! Jessie wouldn't a-told! I'm going down to play with Jessie!"

Eleanor sat and watched Roberta marching down the street, her hair bows still fluttering angrily. She watched until the bows had vanished and then she wept into the hammock pillows.

She knew what it meant for Roberta to scorn her. Roberta was a leader, so it meant ostracism and ostracism ate bitterly into one's soul. It was unjust, she felt, because surely it would not have been polite to bar Milly from the secret when Milly was her guest. It was just like being invited anywhere—you took your guest along, of course. Then, having a secret, why not share it with her? But it was very lonely on the porch by one's self, so Eleanor wept on.

She knew what was happening down at Jessica's. Roberta and Willie and some others were either painting magazine pictures or playing croquet. Or they were laughing and racing around the house, none of them giving a thought to her. They didn't care whether she was on earth or not. Maybe they had their heads together, giggling over another secret, a secret she was destined never to know. She had been socially ruined!

She could hear Jessie giggle above all the rest and she felt that she hated Jessie. Though Jessie had a mild face and a way which made grown-up people say: "What a dear, sweet little girl!" Eleanor was morally certain that Jessie would just as soon as not tell any secret you had told her. Had not Jessie repeated to Eleanor everything she had promised her best chum not to tell?

It was dreadful to think that Willie probably was teaching Jessie that stroke in croquet which he had promised to teach Eleanor. Jessie would beguile Willie away if she could and Roberta, too, because she had always envied Eleanor's popularity.

For two or three days Eleanor wandered disconsolately up and down the street. When she went by Jessie's and the crowd was there they laughed very loudly and pretended not to see her. Once she met Roberta face to face and Roberta merely said "Pooh!" to her appealing glance. She met Willie and said "Hello!" feverishly, but he only stumbled over his feet and grew red.

"You told!" he called back to her after he had passed.

Eleanor felt that life really was harder than she could bear. And it was all Jessie's fault. Jessie had told that Eleanor had told and now Jessie was reaping her reward, while Eleanor was out in the cold.

Then one morning Eleanor was electrified to see Roberta and Willie approaching the house.

"Hello!" Roberta said, airily. "Let's play store!"

"You can be storekeeper, Eleanor," Willie hastened to add. "I'll get you some pebbles for potatoes."

The two visitors vied with each other to woo back Eleanor, who received their advances in dignified mystification. It was hard not to let one's joyful relief surge out above one's studied reserve, difficult to show that one was injured, innocent and indifferent and yet not too frigid. Above all, it was difficult to hide one's consuming desire to know what had happened.

It was nearly noon when Eleanor finally asked where Jessie was.

"Aw, Jessie!" said Roberta, in scorn. "We had a secret and crossed our three little fingers and promised not to tell—and she told her big brother!"

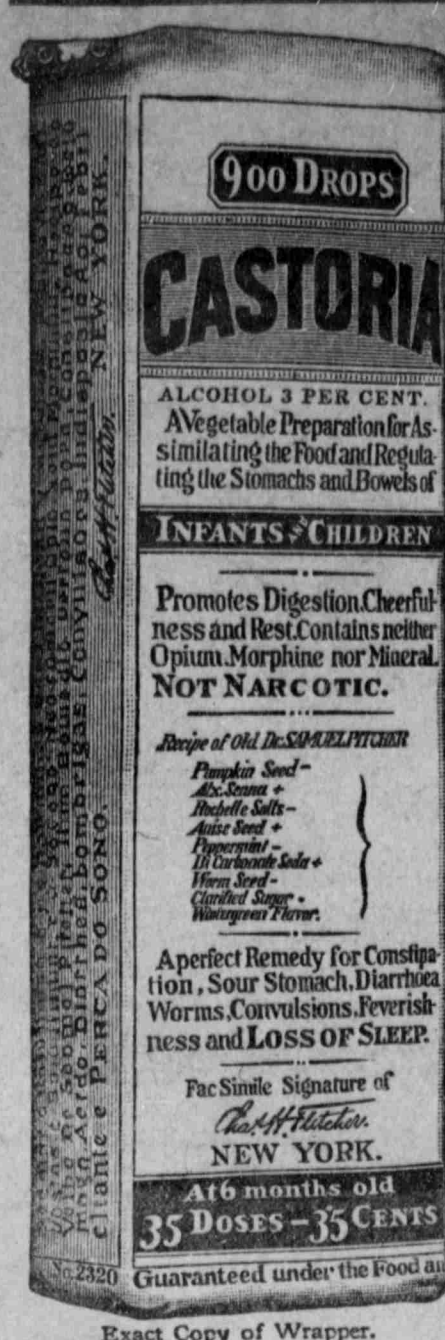
"Was it the same secret I told?" Eleanor asked, breathlessly.

Roberta and Willie stared at each other a minute. Then Willie shook his head.

"No," he said, "I guess we've kind-a forgot what that one was!"

Making Up One's Mind.

Henry Van Dyke: We say that we "make up our minds" to do a certain thing or not to do it, to resist a certain temptation or to yield to it. It is true. We "make up our minds" in a deeper sense than we remember. In every case the ultimate decision is between two future selves, one with whom the virtue is harmonious, another with whom the virtue is harmonious, another with whom the vice is consistent. To one of these two figures, dimly concealed behind the action, we move forward. What we forget is that, when the forward step is taken, the shadow will be myself. Character is eternal destiny.

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